THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

March, 1803.

MEMOIRS OF LADY MANNERS.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

LADY Manners, the illustrious writer of the poems to which her Ladyship's name is affixed, was the the beautiful and accomplished Miss Gray of Ireland; and is still considered "*the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.*"

A few years ago, she gave brilliancy to Bath by her presence. The exquisite loveliness of her person was more than equalled by the graces of a mind, which native excellence, and the most correct education, rendered at once amiable and splendid.

Amidst a crowd of admirers of high rank and merit, Miss Gray selected for the partner of her life, the present Sir William Manners, Bart. of Lincolnshire. His family is one of the most ancient and noble in England: it rose from the house of Rutland; and may say, that through its illustrious veins flows a portion of that blood which warmed the breasts of our bravest heroes. The only daughter of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney married an Earl of Rutland; and memory can yet remember the laurels which graced the forehead of the Marquis of Granby, which bound the wounded brows of Lord Robert Manners.

Lady Manners is worthy the noble stock on which she has been engrafted; and evinces herself a true sister of her three lovely sisters-in-law; Lady Heathcote, the Honorable Mrs. Duff, and the beautiful Duchess of St. Albans.

THE SUBTERRANEOUS PALACE:
AN APOLOGUE.

THERE was an image in the city of Rome, which stretched forth its right hand, on the middle finger of which was written, STRIKE HERE. For a long time none could understand the meaning of this mysterious inscription. At length, a certain subtle Clerk, who came to see this famous image, observed, as the sun shone against it, the shadow of the inscribed finger on the ground at some distance. He immediately took a spade, and began to dig exactly on that spot. He came at length to a flight of steps, which descended far under ground, and led him to a stately palace. Here he entered a hall, where he saw a King and Queen sitting at table, with their nobles, and a multitude of people, all cloathed in rich garments. But no person spake a word. He looked towards one corner, where he saw a polished carbuncle, which illuminated the whole room. In the opposite corner he perceived the figure of a man standing, having a bended bow with an arrow in his hand, as prepared to shoot. On his forehead was written, *I am, who am. Nothing can escape my stroke; not even yonder carbuncle, which shines so bright.* The Clerk beheld all with amazement; and, entering a chamber, saw the most beautiful ladies working at the loom in purple. But all was silence. He then entered a stable full of the most excellent horses: he touched some of them, and they were instantly turned into stone. He next surveyed all the apartments of the palace, which abounded with whatever his wishes could desire. He again visited the hall, and now began to reflect how he should return: 'But,' says he, 'my report of all these wonders will not be believed, unless I carry something with me.' He therefore took from the principal table a golden cup and a golden knife, and placed them in his bosom. The man, who stood in the corner with his bow, immediately shot at the car-

buncle, which he shattered into a thousand pieces. At that moment the hall became dark as night. In this darkness, not being able to find his way, he continued in the subterraneous palace, and soon died a miserable death.

In the *moralisation* of this fable, the Steps by which the Clerk descends into the earth, are supposed to be the Passions. The Palace, so richly stored, the World, with all its vanities and temptations. The Figure with the bow bent, is Death; and the Carbuncle, is Human Life. He suffers for his avarice, in coveting and seizing what was not his own; and no sooner has he taken the golden knife and cup, that is, enriched himself with the goods of this world, then he is delivered up to the gloom and horrors of the grave.

A STORY OF ANCIENT TIMES.

BRANTOME, a respectable French author, relates, that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady, who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands upon him, to observe an absolute silence for an unlimited time. The lover obeyed the order for two years; during which space it was thought, that, by some accident or other, he had lost the use of his speech. He happened one day to be at an assembly, where he met his mistress, who was not known as such; love being conducted in those days in a more mysterious manner than at present. The lady boasted she would cure him instantly, and did it with a single word, *Speak*.—What more could the Pythagorean philosophy have done with all its parade and boasting? Is there a lady now that could depend upon so exact an obedience even for a single day?

But the times of chivalry, in particular, afforded examples, almost incredible, of an attachment, carried even to adoration, which the knights, and other military heroes of those ages, constantly evinced for their mistresses, to whom, indeed, they were, in the literal sense of their amorous professions—the devoted *slaves*.

THE OLD WOMAN's BOTANICAL LIBRARY.

February 14, 1803.

THE Old Woman is much gratified by the handsome expressions of Maria Friendless in her favor, and assures that lady, that she shall ever feel an honest pride in giving her gratuitous advice to those who do her the honor to ask it, either publicly or privately.

In regard to botany, the object of Maria Friendless' enquiries, the Old Woman very much approves of her taste, and begs leave to recommend the following books, as introductory to the enchanting study of vegetable nature.

Mrs. Wakefield's Introduction to Botany; or, what is superior, though more expensive, Martyn's Rousseau's Letters on Botany, Mavor's Botanical Pocket Book, and Withering's Arrangement of British Plants. The Botanical Magazine, or Sowerby's English Botany, in which the most beautiful and curious plants are elegantly colored, as well as described, will also be a valuable acquisition to those who can afford to purchase them, but are not essentially necesary to a young student.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LV.

VENERABLE MADAM,

I HAVE the honor to be one of your own order, and perhaps of nearly your own standing. I will not say either crawling or hobbling—for I am alert in body, and active in mind: and I have enjoyed long health, the effect of long temperance. Yet, the days we have reached are not those of a happy old age; if we measure felicity by the respect which should be paid

paid to us by the new comers into life. I do not know how it may have fared with you, but I have found it a difficult matter to maintain the dignity of the silver hair, and to vindicate myself from the ridicule attached, by the thoughtless and the gay, to the character of the OLD WOMAN. Indeed, you cannot have lived in it so long, without knowing the opinion of the world respecting us.

"Never mind what Goody Such-a-one says—Poor soul! she is—AN OLD WOMAN."—"Mama gave me a fine lesson," cries Miss to her confidential play-mate, Sewart—"But, Lord! what signifies that? she is AN OLD WOMAN." "My maiden aunt," observes another lass in her teens, "rates me by the hour together—But who cares for—AN OLD WOMAN?"

Nay, when a term of reproach is wanting to express contempt of the other sex, they apply the same reason for grounding their disregard of what is said or done in their case as in ours; they even turn old men into—OLD WOMEN. Justice, Lawyer, or Parson Such-a-one, might have been well enough some hundred years ago; but they are now merely—OLD WOMEN. If a minister of state is at any time worn in the public eye, and is out in his politics; if an actor is out of his part, or out of the public favor; if a poet has struck the lyre more often than the critics chuse to permit him to strike it—what are all these looked upon, but a pack of—OLD WOMEN? The very bib-and-apron misses, and the scarcely-breech'd masters, upon this ground, not only refuse the councils of matronly wisdom and experience, but are pert enough to titter, and make up faces, because those councils forsooth are given by an—OLD WOMAN. Nay, the young rogues and hussies (of my acquaintance at least) do not stop here. It is looked upon as a good joke, when they can play off any vexatious pranks upon the—OLD WOMAN. Such as drawing her chair from under her, just as she is going to seat herself, or slyly putting a brush or a bunch of holly,

or of furze, or even a stinging-nettle, into her bed, to make the old girl jump out of it in a fright, just to terrify—the OLD WOMAN.—Pinning, or even sowing her gown to the carpet, and a hundred other frolics. In all those they are aided and abetted by grown-up young ladies and gentlemen, all of whom enter into the spirit of annoying and quizzing the OLD WOMAN.—A notable instance of this happened some time ago. My grand-daughter, you must know, had been reading the story of Little *Pickle;* and was so delighted with the tricks put by that spark upon the doting father and mother, that she burst into a loud laugh, and finished almost every sentence with parodying the following line in the song:

"Young Harry's the lad, young Harry's the lad,
"Young Harry's the lad for me,"

by singing forth

"Young Pickle's the lad, dear Pickle's the lad,
"Dear Pickle's the lad for me:"

and, by way of imitating the curious exploit of the above-mentioned young rogue's killing the parrot, and having her served up at table partridge-fashion, she gained the cook over to her side, to carry on the design of fricaseeing a blind puppy, out of the eight which our Chloe had whelped, and the only one that was still-born. Thus, my good Madam, I should inconsistently have dined upon a limb of this little beast, instead of the rabbit which I had ordered, had not my naughty grand-daughter, by her excessive and untimely joy, betrayed herself; and had she not said to Chloe, who was then in the room, sitting up in the very act of begging for a *bon bouche*, "Fie, Fie! Miss Chloe! why surely you would not eat up one of your own children? Well! I declare, Chloe, you are worse than a cannibal!"

All this might have been pardoned, upon reprehension and penitence, had I not discovered, by the giggling

gling of my own daughter, a woman of thirty-two, and of, apparently, a sober-minded cousin on the shady side of forty, that they had entered into the conspiracy. Indeed, both these dutiful personages, after having bit their lips, and their handkerchiefs, which they stopped into their mouths, to prevent detection, at length burst into as indecent and clamorous an Ha! ha! ha! as my grand-child herself. This, you may be sure, brought on some remonstrances. I threatened to shut up the child in a dark room for the rest of the day, and to diet her on bread and water: but, just as I was about to conduct her to her confinement, "Nay, dear Madam!" says one of the *young* ladies, "'twas but an innocent joke." "You know, Madam, *she* is but a child," quoth the other; "and that *you*, my dear Madam, you are—" her looks sufficiently fill'd up the blank; for in every lineament of her saucy face was legibly written—an OLD WOMAN!

And when farther, I reminded them of the Athenian and Spartan anecdote, recorded for their instruction by a celebrated reformer of manners of the last age—a circumstance which happened at Athens, when an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his rank and quality—they were so much more taken with the jest, than with the moral conveyed by the anecdote, that it seemed to them so pleasant and *funny*, that they only wished for an occasion to practise just such another. But as my little grand-child desired to hear it again, I repeated it, in the hope, that, if told with energy, it might still make a good impression upon her infant mind. So I recited it as well as memory would permit as follows, and with "good emphasis, and good discretion."

It happened at Athens during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion

confusion he was in, made signs to him, that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close, and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners; and when the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; when the old man cried out,—"The Athenians *understand* what is good, but the Lacedemonians *practise* it." But judge of my mortificatiou, when, so far from its taking the turn I expected and wished, the madcap broke out into raptures at the clever conceit of the young people, and could not help lamenting that she was not one of the party concerned, to have been diverted at the confusion of the old gentleman. She protested the whole was the most funny thing she had ever heard; and when I had finished reciting the last sentence, my facetious kinswoman, by way of setting the child a good example, would not help observing, that the youths of Athens must have been lads of spirit; "and as to the Lacedemonians," said my daughter, "whatever might have been their wisdom, they certainly wanted good manners, and had no talents for a frolic."

In short, it is impossible to enumerate a one hundredth part of the slights and insults to which women of a certain standard of life are exposed; and though every body professes to reverence age, there is scarcely one in a thousand who does not mock it to scorn! At any rate, whatever has fallen within *my* notice for the passed fifty years, confirms this assertion; and if

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you, my dear Madam, cannot say the same, you have better luck than your neighbours, and must be considered as a happy exception.

As the treatment, however, I have stated is certainly general, and as I am sure even if you, from the good sense you have publicly exhibited, and dealt forth monthly, so long, if, I say, *you* are invested with the honors as well as the wisdom of your age, I am sure you wish to make the latter years of a well-past life as respectable in the eyes of youth as it is in the eyes of God! when accompanied by decorum, virtue, and wisdom. You have entered on, and are persevering in, a righteous cause, Madam; but I much fear you will only *deserve*, not command success.

I ventured yesterday to hint to a party of high-bred young ladies, who were dressed, or rather undressed, in all the nakedness of the mode; and could either their limbs or their tongues have been kept quiet, and had they been placed upon pedestals, or niched in recesses, they might have passed for so many statues very lightly shaded with drapery; I say, I ventured to hint, with all gentleness, that, without taking into the question the *indecency* of such *displays* of themselves, it was really as much of hazard of health, as it was of trespass against modesty, to come into public *en chemise*, as if they were just out of their beds. I added, that I much wondered the husbands of such ladies as were married, did not consider this public exposure of their wives as a species of public prostitution; since it made their charms as familiar to all the world as to themselves. "Indeed," continued I, "in my opinion, the legislature ought to take up the matter, as a principle of national policy, in as much as national strength is of importance to the state.

(To be continued.)

DE VALCOUR AND BERTHA:

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from Page 89.]

CHAP. III.

BERTHA reached the centre of the wood in safety, but not without alarm: the hut was still at some distance, and the darkness of the night rendered every object indistinguishable; Bertha listened anxiously, in the hope that De Valcour would come to meet her; and, after a considerable interval of expectation, she heard footsteps approaching: but there seemed more than one person, of which voices soon convinced her. Bertha was lost in conjecture, till, as the sound drew nearer, she was terrified to find that both were strangers. They passed on without observing her; but near enough for her to perceive that they were armed. She stole cautiously forward, and, with trembling steps, reached the door of the hut. It was open: she softly called on De Valcour, but no answer was returned. Fearful least the strangers should surprise her, she entered, and groped about in search of a secure corner, where she might conceal herself till the arrival of Julian, when her hand fell on an object which chilled her with horror. It was the cold face of a man, who was extended on the ground. She faintly shrieked, when a sigh from her suffering companion convinced her he was still living. Ignorant whether it was a friend or an enemy, humanity induced her to raise him in her arms: He breathed with difficulty; and, endeavoring to open his collar, she felt the chain of hair which was suspended round the neck of Julian. This was a most horrible conviction; yet a fortunate exertion of mind enabled her to preserve herself from sinking under the shock. De Valcour revived sufficiently to articulate a few sentences; and

and informed Bertha, that he had been wounded in endeavoring to defend himself against some ruffians who attempted to seize him; and that they were then in search of her. Scarcely had he spoken, when two men entered, and, by the light of a torch, discovered Bertha supporting her lover. Her terrified looks, and shrill scream, instantly betrayed her sex. The foremost advanced on; tore her from De Valcour, who fell with a deep groan on the ground; then grasping her round the waist, bore her from the hut. Total insensibility succeeded, from which she was only aroused to a scene of new alarm. A number of masked men surrounded the couch on which she was reposing; their eyes were earnestly bent on her, as if watching each motion; their dress was such as she had never beheld before; and the sable plumes which waved in their hats, made her imagine them persons of distinction. She eagerly enquired for Julian. "Do not distress yourself, lovely maid," said one with a dignified air: "he is taken care of. Your meeting cannot take place yet; but you shall meet with every attention here your situation and sex demands." Fearful of provoking resentment, Bertha forbore to make any further enquiries. Every thing round her seemed to wear an air of mystery: the person who addressed her appeared superior to the rest, who obeyed his motions; and he alone watched beside her couch. When he first spoke, she thought the voice familiar to her; but when he raised his tone to address those who attended, she was again at a loss to recollect it. Several hours passed on without any change, and Bertha began to be anxious for day-light to appear. "It will be long before you see the sun rise," said her companion: "the place we are in precludes all possibility of a visit from the sun: but if you are of a good and cheerful temper, you will find enough here to make you happy. We have sumptuous fare, soft beds, and merry hearts. What say you, Lady, have we cause to complain?" "Heaven defend me!" exclaimed Bertha, "where

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am I? Among whom has my evil destiny thrown me?" "Among those," said her companion, with a more serious tone, "who love you too well to see you thrown away upon a needy adventurer. Bertha, I have long loved you, long envied a boy the happiness of possessing your affection. The farcical ceremony of marriage which passed between you is not valid. Be mine; and every luxury, every pleasure of life, shall be yours." Bertha rose indignantly from the couch; she surveyed him with a scrutinizing glance; his person was totally unknown to her; and she vainly endeavored to discover one motion by which she might recognize him for a former acquaintance. A few moments elapsed in silence. Bertha again addressed him. "By whose authority am I detained here? Where is De Valcour?" "De Valcour is confined in a cell at some distance from this spot: he is beyond hearing of your voice, Lady, should you raise it to its utmost pitch: and should it reach his ear, a strong iron door would preserve us from impertinent interruption. It is by my order all this is done; for no one else has authority here: but, fear not; no violence shall be offered you; neither shall you be made a prisoner here. I have provided a commodious and pleasant retreat for you. I would not be your tyrant, Bertha; I would win by gentle means." Bertha gave him but a smile of contempt for answer; and finding resistance vain, put up a secret prayer to heaven for preservation. For some time she refused any refreshment, till, finding herself completely exhausted by grief and fear, she consented to take a glass of wine and some bread. The whole party, consisting of about ten martial looking men, sat down to an elegant repast. They remained masked, and conversed on general topics: every one behaved to her with marked respect, and retired soon after the meal was concluded, except one, who seemed to wait some orders from the chief. "Tyrault," said he, "conduct this lady to the apartments designed for her in the fortress. Perez

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is centinel this watch; is not he?" "He is," said Tyrault; "and every thing is prepared for the lady's accommodation: she shall want nothing." "That is right," returned the chief. He then added with a sigh, "I hope she will soon be reconciled to her situation, and not feel a wish to leave us." Bertha's tears flowed fast during this conversation. The chief took her hand, and bowing respectfully over it, said, "Farewell, Bertha, for the present. Calm your apprehensions; you need not dread molestation. I will see you to-morrow, and explain circumstances more minutely. He then bowed slightly to Tyrault, who led her away. They passed through several arched passages, till they came to a spiral flight of stairs. Bertha was too much absorbed by her own reflections, to speak to her conductor, who lighted her along with polite attention. He at last stopped against a large grated door, when he requested her to hold the lamp, while he removed the padlock by which it was secured. Bertha complied: hope was lost, and she determined patiently to wait the event. It opened into a spacious gallery, encircled by iron railings: from this they passed to a suite of rooms, light, and well furnished. Tyrault lighted a lamp which was suspended from the ceiling of the last apartment, observing, that as he should not return for twelve hours, she might find it necessary.—"Merciful powers!" cried Bertha, "am I to remain for ever in this captivity? What have I done, tell me, I intreat you, who are my persecutors?" "I am forbidden, Madam, to answer any questions," returned Tyrault; "but my admiration of you prompts me to transgress. Your captivity will be lengthened according to circumstances. The gentleman who detains you here is the head of an honorable society, known by the title of Independants, who are chiefly men of rank and fortune. I am in his confidence; and think I can promise you the most respectful treatment. A female servant will attend you here; and you will be furnished at stated periods with what re-

freshments you wish. A change of dress is also in readiness for you. But let me remind you, Madam, that while the Seigneur is thus provident for your accommodation, any attempt to seduce his attendants from their fidelity will be punished with the utmost severity. Farewell, Madam. Judith will wait on you presently." He then bowed, and retired, fastening the door after him. Shortly after which Bertha heard him say without, "Perez, this is your station. I consign this key to you; no one must be admitted, except bearing the signet of our Seigneur." Bertha flung herself on the bed in an agony of grief. Her own lot she could have borne with composure, could she but know the fate of Julian; but now every prospect of communication was cut off, and she was filled with the most dreadful apprehension that he had fallen a victim to the vengeance of her persecutors. In this state of painful suspence she remained, till an impulse of curiosity induced her to take a survey of the apartments allotted her before night-fall should prevent investigation.

(To be continued.)

THE RECLUSE:

OR,

REFLECTIONS IN RETIREMENT.

By an Old Moralist.

IMAGINATION IN LOVE.

THAT faculty of the soul, which is alike called imagination or fancy, is the chief source of its pleasures and its pains. By imagination, we deck the rough

rough exterior of nature in a thousand ideal beauties. We fancy that we are treading the variegated mazes of a fairy paradise, and cheat our intoxicated senses with myriads of bright pageantries, till their evanescent fabrics, melting into air, leave us amazed and lost in a vast desart.

What a sickness, what a despair, seizes on the trembling heart of the astonished wretch, when first the enchanted vapour vanishes from his view! How he flies after the fading glory, to catch one radiant drop ere it falls! and when its gay colors no longer stain the horizon, when he sees nothing around, but a wide and naked world, in vain he looks towards the dissipating fumes of heated fancy, for a veil against the horrors which are pressing on his vision; the spell is broken, and the reign of illusion is no more.

Such is the situation of that mind, which unreflectingly surrenders itself to the tyranny of the imagination. It never sees the accidents of life in their true light; all is either misery or bliss: its wishes are passions; and their disappointment, despair.

In the long course of a various life, many woes have presented themselves to my observation, to which this creative power of the soul alone gave birth. I particularly mean cases of Friendship, and her softer sister, Love. Claudius is a man whom I have known from his infancy to his old age, and his character fully elucidates my argument.

He was of an ardent disposition, and a fervid imagination. He grasped at the first alluring object which crossed his path; and where any eminent attraction inflamed his fancy, his senses became fascinated, and he believed that he loved. Such an infatuation does not exhibit the gentle influence of mild affection, but the infuriate adoration of the mad idolater. It is not a tenderness that melts the heart, but a passion that fires the soul. Claudius felt this wild feeling for Cleora, with all the fervor that blazed in his constitution, till some accident, or some fairer, some more

amiable creature rose to his view, and dissolved one delusion only to give birth to another.

In this manner he went through life, adoring and adored, deserting and execrated, spreading mischief and misery wherever he turned. And yet, this man, though unfaithful to many individuals, was constant to himself, to the *ideal being* which he loved in the persons whom he had generally abandoned. The moment he discovered that these fair creatures ceased to resemble the bright prototype in his mind, he foreswore his vows, and left them to themselves. It was the creation of his imagination that he loved; and, heedless of the consequence, he pursued the same chace, seducing the affections of hundreds, till a more intimate intercourse having worn off the witchery that environed the object, he again, and again, turned loathing from it, as the *real* from the *enchanted Florimel*.

(To be continued.)

ON MISPENT TIME.

BY MILTON.

HOURS have wings, and fly up to the Author of time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot intreat one of them either to return, or slacken his pace: the mispence of every minute is a new record against us in heaven. Sure, if we thought thus, we would dismiss them with better report, and not suffer them to go away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence! How happy is it that every hour should convey up not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days, to speak for us before his glorious throne!

THE

THE POST-OFFICE SPY.

LETTER IV.

To Mrs. Maitland.

I HAVE this moment heard that your unfortunate friend is no more. I cannot expect you deeply to deplore her fate, as the miseries she suffered were in a great measure the consequences of her own misconduct; and some of her latter scenes are more calculated to excite horror than pity. It is a truth, however painful and degrading to human nature, that the mind can accommodate itself to any state of depravity, provided it steals progressively on the senses; of which the history of Jessica Keates affords a striking confirmation. You knew her at a time when she was affluent, respected, and happy: you admired her accomplishments, her personal advantages, and the enthusiastic energies of her mind. She was then thirty. At fifty, no traces of either remained: her career was begun in error, continued in vice, and terminated in wretchedness. False philosophy dazzled her like a meteor, and then left her in the abyss of despair. But I will relate circumstantially the events of her life with which you are unacquainted; and, to one of your sense and feeling, any animadversions from me must be unecessary. Nor need I beg you to recollect, that you are not perusing a tale of *romantic fiction*, but a narrative of *truth*, penned by the *hand of friendship*. In the year 1749, Mr. Keates, a merchant of London, retreated, on account of some political discontent, to Montreal, in America, where, with his wife and infant family, he resided in opulence and credit, at the time when the British garrison was established at Quebec. Jessica, the only daughter of Mr. Keates, was fifteen years of age. The plan of her education was a singular one, and such as laid the foundation of her subsequent calamities. It is useless for me to enter into a regular detail of a system which has lately been treated of by much abler pens; suffice it to say, Jessy learnt, at

that early age, to think and act for herself. In a regiment which lay at Montreal, was Lieutenant Heath: he soon distinguished Jessy by particular attention, and succeeded in attaching her to him, much against the approbation of her father, who not only objected against him for political difference of opinion, but on account of his slender finances. These obstacles but augmented the passion of Miss Keates, who, to prove her heroism, consented to accompany her lover on his recall to England. This act of disobedience so completely incensed her father, that he immediately erased her name from his will, nor lived to revoke the curse he rashly invoked upon her. Mrs. Heath passed but a few years happily with her husband. He was of a dissipated turn; and when he found himself disappointed of the fortune he expected, he gradually cooled towards his wife, who perceived, too late, the fallacy of her romantic hopes. Her heart, perhaps, was not so deeply interested as her vanity; that once piqued, indifference and contempt soon succeeded. Heath had a servant: the man was a Scot, had served a few years in the regiment; was good-looking, artful, and intriguing: he was privy to most of his master's irregularities, and failed not to betray him to his wife with the most invidious design. His apparent zeal soon attracted the notice of Jessy; a sensation which she mistook for gratitude was awakened in her mind, and Blake failed not to avail himself of this impression in his favor. Heath was ordered to Antigua. The situation of his wife precluded the possibility of her accompanying him; and Blake soon found a pretence for quitting the regiment. You will be shocked to hear, that Jessy forgot every sentiment of virtue and honor during this period. It was previous to the time I speak of, that you knew her. Her injured husband never returned; he fell a victim to the climate; and his melancholy fate, for a while, awakened compunction in her breast, and she peremptorily insisted on Blake's marrying her before her guilt was known to the world. This step but involved

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her in greater difficulty, as it was less an act of virtue than of fear; for, upon the avowal of marriage, her pension from government, as an officer's widow, ceased; and she was forced to depend for subsistence upon the precarious gain of Blake, who followed the occupation of a hair-dresser in London. A few mournful reflections would now and then intrude on the mind of the unfortunate Jessy; to dissipate which, she called in the aid of *philosophy;* but, alas! it was the philosophy of the bottle; and her evils were hourly augmented. Finding their affairs in an indifferent state, Blake persuaded her to write to her only brother, then at Quebec. To this she reluctantly consented; and his answer was such as might have been expected: "that if the wife of Lieutenant Heath was disclaimed by her family, the paramour of his hair-dresser could hardly expect to be recognized." This taunting answer incensed the brutal passions of Blake to a cruel degree; and I shudder to repeat that the villain loaded her with abuse and blows, turned her helpless babe into the streets, and left her to stand the dun of his creditors without a sixpence in her pocket. At this period I was absent from town. When I returned, I learnt that a friend, who knew the family, had taken the child into his protection; and that he had an order from the brother of Jessy, to send it to him in America; but he inexorably refused his sister the smallest assistance. Unfortunately, Mrs. Heath wanted that gentleness of temper, which excites love, and lays claim to pity; her misfortunes rendered her stubborn; and she retreated sullenly from those who would have pointed out to her the means of subsistence. She retired to an obscure lodging; disposed of her clothes while they remained; and, when destitute of this resource, adopted measures which madness almost seemed to dictate. Voluntarily abandoned, infidelity succeeded despair; nor could any persuasions of friendship recal her from a state, at the idea of which she would once have shuddered with horror. Yet her total degradation

tion was not the work of the moment in which I am relating it, but occupied the space of three years, during which she experienced many vicissitudes, with which I am unacquainted. A fatal passion for drink completed her destruction. No sighs, no tears, escaped her, though destitute of food, lodging, or clothing. She railed against the world, extolled her own philosophy, despised opinion, and became the outcast of society. I once sought an interview with her: it was with difficulty I discovered her retreat; but, merciful heaven! how did I find her? Not on the bed of sickness, of shame, of repentance, but seated on the floor of a dirty lodging in St. Giles's, surrounded by wretches of the lowest and most infamous stamp, each with a measure of liquor or a pipe, revelling in inebriety and indecency. From such a state my feeble means should have been exerted to rescue her: a pecuniary supply was offered, and accepted with a shout of joy. I extorted a promise that she would procure clothing, and call on me the following day: from that hour I saw her not, till sent for to an hospital, where she languished in a miserable condition. By degrees, and with infinite pains, I brought her to some sense of her error, and prevailed on her to enter the workhouse. Conviction once begun, is soon completed; and I had the satisfaction to see the last hours of her life divested of that impiety which had hitherto involved her in misery. May we venture to hope that her transgressions are forgiven? Surely we will; for the idea of the contrary is too dreadful to be supported. The infamous partner of her guilt seems struck with remorse; he regrets his former brutality; but regret is now unavailing. Neither is he so culpable as the parents who warp the minds of their children by early impressions of Scepticism. Mere moral obligations are not a sufficient tie upon the mind of man; it requires a strong sense of Divine Power to confer happiness or misery—to guard against the alluring temptations of life. I am, Madam, yours,

M. WALTERS.

THE JUVENILE MONITOR.

BY EDWIN.

[Continued from page 108.]

NO. V.

ON HAPPINESS.

———Seekest thou for Happiness?
Go, stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot
Of Innocence, and thou shalt find her there.

SO many are the allurements of the world, and so dazzling its apparent splendor, that virtuous principles must be deeply implanted in our hearts, to enable us to withstand the wiles and temptations of the wicked. A superficial knowledge of religion will be found absolutely insufficient to preserve us in the hour of trial, or day of visitation. We must make the gospel the rule of our faith and manners, the standard whereby to direct our erring steps; for thus only can we escape the snares and inticements of the world. Parents are too apt to imagine, when they have given their children what is usually termed a liberal education, they have likewise given them a religious one; and, after having passed through the routine of a school, they launch them forth into the ocean of life, under the mistaken and destructive idea, that they have been sufficiently initiated in the ways of piety, and that their virtuous principles will enable them boldly and triumphantly to stem the torrent of worldly dissipation. Woeful experience, however, proves how they have deceived themselves.

Possessed of the most amiable affections, Philemon, at the age of nineteen, was sent with an ample allowance to visit the metropolis, where he was introduced to the fashionable circles. When under the parental roof, he had been led to conceive it was his duty to practise religion in all its branches, and that the holy scriptures were to be the rule of his conduct. Notwithstanding

withstanding this, he had never been instructed (or instructed but very slightly) in the evidences and groundwork of Christianity; he therefore came forward into life with an extremely superficial knowledge of religion, though without any doubt of its divine authority. In a short time after his arrival in the gay metropolis, he began to hear "indirect cavils, and witty sarcasms, aimed against detached passages of the scriptures; intimations dropped, with a significant air of sagacity, about priestcraft; and expressions of wonder, that the indulgence of natural inclinations should ever be a sin. His ears, at first a little shocked, soon became familiar to the sound, and learned by degrees, not to be offended at plainer language. Direct charges of absurdity, falsehood, and imposture, first advanced against the Old Testament, then against the New, though they did not produce conviction, were heard without emotion. In the mean time, the prejudices of education in favor of religion were gradually loosened. Habits of life too were formed, which rendered the truth of Christianity, and the consequent certainty of future punishment for vice, highly undesirable. However that might be, he grew absorbed in the amusements and trifles of the world; religion grew more and more foreign to his thoughts: not that he decidedly disbelieved it; he felt, when it crossed his mind, doubts of its truth, and a secret wish that it might not be true. Suspicions of the possibility of the truth of Christianity still hung about him; and at times he had half intended to have examined into the matter, and he had determined that at some future convenient opportunity, he would endeavour to satisfy himself. But the convenient opportunity never happened to arrive; days, months, and years, found him occupied as before, till death surprised him in his grey hairs, uncertain of his faith." This is a melancholy picture indeed; and, alas! much, I fear, many originals may be found within the circle of our own acquaintance.

To trifle, is to live:
And is it, then, a trifle, too, to die?

Let us contrast, however, the state of Philemon with that of Lorenzo, whose parents were eminently versed in matters of religion. They knew it to be the only sure and never-failing support under all the complicated ills and afflictions of the world, and they were fully sensible of its efficacy in heightening the benevolence, and increasing the usefulness, of men: they were, therefore, very anxious early to implant the genuine qualities of piety in the bosom of their infant son, and their virtuous labours were crowned with the desired effect. When he came forward into life, he was too well grounded in the evidences of Christianity, to be staggered by the cavils of the vicious: under every trial, therefore, and in every temptation, he directed his thoughts to the Divine Author of his being; was diligent and assiduous in benevolent exertions; and had in this world the reward of a quiet conscience, and the glorious assurance of celestial approbation. Lorenzo was beloved by all those whose affections were worth obtaining: his politeness and attention gained him the respect of the wealthy; while his benevolence, affability, and charity, secured to him the love of the indigent.

> "Behold him, in the evening tide of life,
> High in his faith and hopes: look how he reaches
> After the prize in view! and, like a bird
> That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away;
> Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
> To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
> Of the fast coming harvest."

In these different descriptions I have endeavored, however feebly, to shew the advantages of a real knowledge of religion; and that a merely superficial one is absolutely insufficient, if we are desirous to pass our sojourning here in innocency. If our knowledge be not well grounded, our prospects of escaping the contagion of the world are very faint: when we have increased our intimacy with it, have tasted its pleasures,

and drank out of the poisonous cup of dissipation, then it will be our melancholy resource, instead of enjoying Lorenzo's confidence, anxiously to endeavor to quibble away the clear injunctions of duty and conscience, and to reconcile ourselves to our situation, by this wretched consolation, that we shall only share the fate of our companions. What miserable sophistry! To discern its fallaciousness, requires not acuteness of understanding, so much as a *little common honesty.*

Since, then, Happiness can no where possibly be found, but in the woodland cot of Innocence, let us sedulously endeavor to grow in virtue every day: let us cherish in our minds a love of religion; and direct our hearts and inclinations towards Him, who, for our sakes, became a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities. We must be very careful in our intercourse with the world, that we o'erstep not the line marked out between virtue and vice: but frequently let us retire from the busy world, and carefully examine what progress we are making in true religion, and we shall find more peace and happiness in our sojournings in the cot of Innocence, than can be derived from all the pleasures and amusements of the world. The consciousness of having, in some degree, escaped its pollutions, will enable us to look up with humble assurance to our Helper and Protector, to see through the darkest clouds of sorrow, and behold, with an eye of faith, that heavenly country, towards which the true Christian is travelling.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doom'd to an obscure, but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content, indeed, to sojourn, while he must,
Below the skies; but having there his home."

Chester, Feb. 17th, 1803. G. B.

FALSE DELICACIES:

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[Continued from Page 102.]

The Scene lies in Celia's Country House.

ACT II. SCENE I.

LUCINDA *and* ROSE.

Lucinda. HE is not gone yet?

Rose. No, Madam; but they have ordered his chaise, and the horses are ready.

Lucinda. And does the Marquis know it?

Rose. I do not know.

Lucinda. It is I who drive him away, and am the cause of his departure.

Rose. You he lov'd so much!

Lucinda. Yes, but I never credited his love: but I at present strongly believe his aversion.

Rose. How, Madam, is it possible he hates you?

Lucinda. Yes, I am sure he does. But hear I not the noise of a carriage? It is surely him who departs. See, Rose. No, stay—stay—it is all one; let him go. Whether he goes or stays, what is it to me! [*She approaches an arm chair, and seats herself.*]

Rose. (Approaching.) My God, Madam, how pale you look!

Lucinda. (With a forced smile.) Are you foolish? I never looked better, never in better spirits than to-day. I no longer want you, leave me alone.

Rose. But if you should be ill, Madam.

Lucinda. Go, you will make me angry with your visions. Go, I say, and leave me to myself.

Rose. (Going.) What can be the matter with her? [*At the moment* ROSE *goes away, the* MARQUIS *comes in in haste.*]

SCENE II.

The MARQUIS *and* LUCINDA.

Marquis. At length then he stays with us, he has almost promised.

Lucinda. (Rising.) Who do you mean?

Marquis. The Chevalier.

Lucinda. Is it that which transports you so?

Marquis. Assuredly—But I forgot to whom I spoke.

Lucinda. Why? it is your friend; a title which with me I think he still deserves: it is the only one he has preserved.

Marquis. My dear Lucinda, you are never unjust but to him: let us change the subject, this conversation displeases you.

Lucinda. Tell me: has he acted well to allow importunity?

Marquis. Nor has he yet made up his mind. I have left him with Celia, who presses him in such a way as cannot fail to make him stay: and as I wished to speak with you—

Lucinda. Indeed Celia is very obliging; in this way are you all spoilt. These kind of proceedings make me angry in the extreme. A pretty part truly for a woman to act! Besides, his resisting her is an unpoliteness without example; I am sure you will not excuse him in that respect.

Marquis. But, perhaps, by staying here he makes a great sacrifice! how do you know?

Lucinda. That, indeed, is another affair. In short, if he has told you so, and it is true, I should be less shocked at his conduct. But to make his proceeding supportable, he must have very strong and interesting reasons for it—Reasons of the heart—which is not very probable. For the rest you ought to know them; and in such a case I should blame him the less.

Marquis. Could he find grace in your eyes from such motives? I cannot easily believe it. But let us

speak

speak of Celia: you have heard of her new commands?

Lucinda. She has, in part, told me her resolution. I have blamed her, and yet I counsel you to subscribe to it.

Marquis. But are you aware how much it will cost me?

Lucinda. She commands it, and it is for you to obey.

Marquis. I have already begun; I have just passed a quarter of an hour with her, and have not said one word about love.

Lucinda. For one quarter of an hour!—What an effort!—How heroic!

Marquis. You must at least acknowledge she is a very singular character, and that it is requisite to have all the patience of a lover to keep on a good footing with her.

Lucinda. That I acknowledge; and judge if I approve it; for I am persuaded that the greatest misfortune that can happen, is to marry a man you passionately love.

Marquis. Indeed! That is another idea, I must say, equally as extraordinary, of another kind. Upon my word, one must come here to hear new opinions. "The greatest misfortune that can befall one, is to marry the person you passionately love!!!" What then is the greatest happiness?

Lucinda. To cure yourself. Yes, Sir, you do well to laugh, but I really think so, and very earnestly too.

Marquis. What, you, for example, a widow, and at liberty; if you loved, and were beloved, would you endeavour to cure yourself? It would be surely a folly.

Lucinda. If I had but a soft and weak sentiment, I would give way to it; but if a violent passion, I would try all I could to conquer it.

Marquis. I pray you to explain what you say; I acknowledge I do not understand you.

Lucinda. Love in the extreme is the greatest torment of life. Inquietude and jealousy generally accompany it; nothing then satisfies the heart; every thing troubles it; a very nothing torments and throws it into despair. Besides, the party, between you and me, is unequal; all the advantages are on the mens' side: we are sure of being duped in wholly loving; a perfect return is a chimera; and the most faithful man, if he is in earnest, will not dare to promise it. Did I wish a violent attachment, I would have a soul like my own; I could wish it to have the same sensibility, the same principles, the same virtues and prejudices. Love cannot offer me such valuable advantages, for which reason, I consign myself to friendship: it indemnifies, it satisfies me, without inquietude, and is sufficient for my happiness.

Marquis. To follow your system, the lover who should please you the best, would be the farthest from happiness. His progress would ruin his affairs; and if his unfortunate star should wholly gain him your heart, then would he be lost beyond resource.

Lucinda. (With embarrassment.) What a ridiculous turn you give to what I have said! For the rest, my reasoning may be bad; I give it up to you. The mind easily establishes a system that the heart does not contradict. You see I am in earnest.

Marquis. I am always inclined to doubt of public notices, and this indifference you make a parade of—

Lucinda. Why should I affect, if I did not feel it? I know that sensibility becomes a woman best. It is a grace your self-love has made the most interesting of all; it is a sure means to succeed and please: and if I have not at least caught the appearance of it, it is because I am still more natural than coquetish.

Marquis. Let us return to what you were saying a short time ago. Agree, that if all the lovers you have ill treated had heard our discourse, they would have been able to find in it some reasons for consolation. The poor Chevalier, for example—

Lucinda.

Lucinda. Very well, finish then. Say, say freely. You think then, perhaps, that I have loved him.

Marquis. I should never have dared to say so.

Lucinda. Ah! for example, behold an idea which charms me. I suspected of a passion! that truly is very pleasant!—And you will not fail to assist him in this discovery.

Marquis. Unless you forbad me.

Lucinda. No, no, you may; I charge myself with the care of undeceiving him.

Marquis. That will be very difficult for you. If I instruct him in your way of thinking, your scorn will charm him; and the more rigorous you are, the more reason will he have to think himself beloved.

Lucinda. I am most assuredly very far from loving: I detest all mankind; I hate, above all, their presumption, and their ridiculous pride: and as for your friend, I do not know a greater coxcomb.

Marquis. He a coxcomb! You do not think so: he is, perhaps, the only fashionable man that successes have not spoilt.

Lucinda. True, he has not the maintenance of a coxcomb, he has not the expression, but he has the character of one.

Marquis. Hold, hold. One proof that he is no coxcomb, is, that he has never been able to persuade himself that he was beloved by you.

Lucinda. He has done himself justice. It is certain I have had a friendship for him: he interested me; he found the art difficult enough to amuse and inspire me with a sort of confidence: a declaration obstructed a commerce with which I was pleased. I took from him every hope: I offered my friendship as an indemnification, and I asked only of him the sacrifice of a caprice; for that is the only name you can give to the species of sentiment that he had for me. He complained, and went away. I have passed two years without having heard of him; and this is what men call a warm passion.

Marquis. How do you know but he has passed his time in sighing, and regretting these two years of absence and exile?

Lucinda. (Brisk.) O, I know quite the contrary; they have passed with him in fetes, in pleasures, and dissipation.

Marquis. You are then informed of them.

Lucinda. (With extreme embarrassment.) My God, is one not forced to hear and learn every day things the most indifferent?

Marquis. This is a conversation I shall not soon forget; it will give me a subject for many reflections.

Lucinda. Yes, I advise you to meditate on all the follies that we have spoken; it would be worth your trouble.

Marquis. Follies!—Beautiful Lucinda, there are moments in life in which the wittiest and the sharpest persons deceive and betray themselves, and lose in one quarter of an hour all the fruit of a skilful and long dissimulation. The heart is indiscreet; and when once it has spoken, it is very difficult to turn into pleasantry the avowal that has escaped from it.

Lucinda. Dear Marquis, how amiable you are? I know no better scene than this, to die with laughter at romantic ideas.—I shall take great care to try to cure you of them; for I have enough to amuse me for fifteen days. Yes, Marquis, I have a passion, an invincible one. You have found out my secret: you are a dangerous and skilful observer, and I a poor little person, very imprudent, and very artless.—Do not abuse your superiority, I beseech you.

Marquis. O, I know all the resources of your mind. Spare yourself the trouble of calling them forth. *(Apart.)* Upon my word, she is a strange woman!

Lucinda. I hear Celia's voice; it is she herself, and the Chevalier. We shall now find out if he condescends to continue with us.—*(Apart.)* Let me finish bewildering the Marquis.

(To be continued.)

[*The Editor of the Lady's Museum is extremely sorry that the insertion of the* Old Bachelor's *Letters should have displeased; but as the Work has always been open to such Correspondents as did not infringe the rules of decency and morality, it was not possible their admission could be refused. To convince the Ladies, however, that the Editor is not biassed by the sentiments of the* Old Bachelor, *having lately received a few Letters containing instances of domestic griefs, which have been entirely produced by the misconduct of the Sex to which he belongs, they are now inserted.*]

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

I am really astonished that in a work merely designed for the ladies, you can be so weak as to imagine they will be gratified by seeing their own sex abused; for where is the woman, let me ask you, who does not feel *delighted* at hearing even the *charms* of *another* praised?

As to the letters of that vile Old Bachelor, they are absolutely a disgrace to your publication; and, for my part, I really hoped that the monster was dead; for it is so long since we were shocked by the illiberality of his observations, that I had flattered myself we should see no more chimeras from his head.

Does he mean to say, that if a lady chooses to ride on horseback, she must *implicitly rely* upon the judgment of her groom? I am well aware how *my pocket* would have suffered, if I had not even known how to trim a horse from the ear to the hoof! The knowledge of a *woman*, to be *sure*, must be confined to *pies* and *puddings;* but *my husband*, I promise you, never presumes to treat me as a *cook;* and so completely have I studied the history of that noble animal, that *Coleman* has often consulted me in a difficult case.

It is impossible for me to describe the contempt *I* feel for that Old Bachelor, and heartily wish myself a

man, for his sake; but as I am not biassed by *custom*, I should feel no repugnance to snap a pistol at the poltroon, if I encountered him in the Park.

My motive, however, for writing, was not merely to abuse the fellow, but to intreat that *you*, Mr. Editor, will endeavor to procure me Juno's address; for I would ride a *hundred miles*, without *resting*, for the pleasure of giving that dear woman an embrace.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

A complete Adept in the Management of a Whip.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Sir,

IT is certain that Nature bestowed upon every animal a proper capacity for its station, and to infringe upon the order is to deviate from her rules. The eagle never attempts to bathe in the element of water; neither does the bear endeavor to ascend the sky. What right, then, Sir, let me ask, can that musty Old Bachelor have to interfere with female concerns? Had the man ever been *married*, some apology might have been offered for the cynical and illiberal remarks which he has made; but he can know no more of the disposition of a woman, than he does of the Emperor of Morocco; therefore all he says must be the effect of malice, or caprice.

Is it not, Mr. Editor, the *province* of a *female* to superintend the domestic affairs; and ought not her husband to be very much *obliged* to *her* for putting bags to his curtains, and covers to his chairs? Are not men always fond of a *well-dressed dinner?* and if the slightest article is not as they wish it, do not they rather blame their *wives* than the *cook?* and if the hour is to *vary* according to the gentlemens' caprices, would not every dish at the table be spoiled? Yet, that abominable man, who felt wretched when he found

found the ill effects of no regularity, abused it, the moment he observed it maintained. In short, Mr. Editor, I am convinced that if you insert the remarks of such a fellow, they will ultimately prove the ruin of your work.

For my part, I am determined not to take in another number, unless you absolutely promise never to publish any more of the Old Bachelor's remarks; for, I assure you, I would not have my husband read them if any person would give me fifty pounds. It is true, he is not of a studious disposition; yet he often takes up the Museum for five minutes at a time, because, he says, he finds himself amused with *one* paper; and half a dozen pages always satisfies his mind. But suppose, Mr. Editor, he had happened to pop upon that illiberal creature's sentiments, he would easily have discovered their motive and aim; and, I assure you, I have had a difficult matter to make him see things in a proper light. When we were first married, he was continually bringing in company, and never even said *with* or *by your leave;* and a quarter of an hour before dinner, he would sometimes tell me that Mr. Such-a-one was to dine with him, and could not come before five!

What woman, let me ask, could bear to see *good victuals spoiled* in *cooking*, merely to please her husband's caprice? *I*, however, determined not to submit to it; and he now *never invites* a *friend* without *asking my leave.* All times were alike to him, until I positively protested, he never should dine at *home* on washing days; for, until I made this rule, three or four of his companions were invited for the mere purpose of hindering the maids. In short, Mr. Editor, though my husband is at length become tolerably tractable, yet I am persuaded the sentiments of that Old Bachelor would make him revolt. Therefore, depend upon it, I will not take in the Museum, if any thing is inserted that could make *words* between *man* and *wife.*

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

Winifred Will-have-her-way.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

I have often heard it remarked, that *such a person* was a *pest to society;* and not knowing the exact meaning of the term, imagined it merely referred to the breath, having frequently heard that *obnoxious vapors* will always prove detrimental to the health. Having inadvertently expressed this opinion to a lady of my acquaintance, she burst into a violent laugh at my mistake; and told me, that a *pest to society*, merely meant a person whose manners were offensive, or their conversation tinctured with abuse.

Now, Mr. Editor, as I cannot find *pest to society* in Johnson's Dictionary, I should be glad to know if my friend is right; who, to enforce the justice of her own arguments, declared your correspondent, *the Old Bachelor*, must be considered in that light. Though I should hardly suppose you would admit the observations of a *pest to society* in a work which you must be anxious should be universally perused, yet I cannot help thinking, if such ideas were frequently propagated, the Museum would imperceptibly be brought into disuse. If he is not a *pest to society*, I am sure he is no *ornament* to it; and to our sex, I suppose, feels an inveterate hate; yet, prejudiced as he is, he dare not appear in his true character, but under the title of an *Old Bachelor* conceals his real name. At any rate, Sir, I beg *you* will have the goodness to tell me the true definition of the term, which will oblige

Your obedient humble Servant,

IGNORAMUS.

To

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

THOUGH, from the first appearance of the Museum, I have been a constant subscriber, and think it a publication by which the mind may be both entertained and improved, yet, I must say, that you are rather more inclined to *lash* our *follies* with *severity*, than to reform us by the power of *persuasion* or *advice*. Though there may be some few women in the world who seem to forget the state for which they were designed by Nature, and make it almost doubtful to which sex they belong, yet is that, Sir, any reason why that cynical Old Bachelor should satirize the whole body with invective and complaint? Others, I allow, there may be, who are more anxious to preserve *order* in their family, than to contribute to the pleasures of their lord; but, depend upon it, Mr. Editor, the number is very limited; for the generality of husbands expect their very *wishes* to be observed.

To fulfil the desires of a being to whom we are united by the most sacred and indissoluble bondage, would certainly be gratifying to a mind of sensibility, if the endeavour had the good fortune to succeed; but when all attempts to please end in disappointment, even the *wish* must gradually decrease. *I*, Mr. Editor, am one of those many unfortunate beings, who are united to a man that possesses a *discontented* mind, and who is daily finding something to disapprove of in the management of the family, the behaviour of the servants, or in my own mode of dress Freezing as it is to the spirits, not to be able to give satisfaction, and to have the most trifling word misconceived; still you might suppose that, by carefully studying his temper, at length I should have the satisfaction to please.

Though I have now been a wife near seven years, Mr. Editor, and my whole study has been devoted to

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an object I am so solicitous to attain, yet I do not believe that, from the very *day* that I was married, he has ever approved a single thing that I did or said. I say the *very day;* for, alas! it was not *my destiny* to enjoy even a *ray* of what is called the *honey moon;* and, indeed, previous to my marriage, I had many an hour of uneasiness; for he was then always doubting my affection, and reproaching me for not returning with proper tenderness, the excess of his love.

How then, you will ask, could I be weak enough to unite myself to a man of such a temper? Why, I knew that he possessed a natural goodness of heart, and fancied I should cure him of a thousand little eccentricities, either by well-timed raillery, or a little feminine art. Besides, Sir, both my parents were anxious for the alliance; and I had always derived pleasure from fulfilling their desires. My fortune was likewise small, and it was not very probable that such another advantageous proposal would be made. Yet do not suppose that *interest* would have induced me to have married a man whom I neither loved or admired, for I really felt a preference for Mr. Benson, and was convinced that I was the object of his tenderest regard.

As I had never seen Bath, it had been previously determined that we should immediately after our marriage set out for that place; and as he happened to be with me when the taylor brought patterns for my habit, I naturally was anxious to study *his taste.* Before the color was finally determined, however, a friend called for him, and he would not give his positive opinion before he quitted the room; telling me he was no judge of ladies' apparel; yet still that he felt rather partial to *French grey. French grey,* therefore, was immediately selected; though I confess it was the last which I should have *chose;* as I knew it could only be becoming to a very beautiful complexion; and *mine,* you must know, Mr. Editor, is rather brown. Still, however, if it happened to please Mr. Benson, I was

indifferent

indifferent as to the opinion of all the world. Judge then how much I must have been disappointed, at hearing him declare it was a color which, of all others, he *most disliked*. Had not my things all been packed up, ready for the journey, I believe I should have been almost tempted to throw the habit in the fire; for even while we were coming from church, he frequently repeated, "That he thought I should have studied *his taste* on *such a day!*"

It was in vain that I told him I had not only *studied* it, but had entirely *sacrificed* my *own;* for he positively declared he had mentioned *three colors;* a *dark blue*, a *green*, and a *brown!* Every time we got out of the carriage, this unfortunate habit excited some animadversion or remark; therefore the next morning, when I arose, I unpacked the imperial, and presented myself before him in a white gown.

"How, Emily!" said he, "what, *tired* of your *habit* with only the wear of a *single day?* Why you must entertain very wrong ideas of my fortune, if you suppose it will enable you to indulge yourself in such caprice?" Mortified beyond the power of indurance at the misconstruction he had put upon my desire to please, I burst into so violent a flood of tears, that it was some time before I could explain the *motive* which had induced me to alter my dress. When I had done it, he apologized for his own misapprehension, and intreated me to reassume my travelling garb. Peace was restored, and nothing further vexatious occurred until after our arrival at Bath.

Though there were hundreds of women there, whose appearance was more attractive, yet there is always a certain degree of attention paid a *new face:* but what would have been pleasing to *most husbands*, excited the *ill-humor* of Mr. Benson; and displeasure was the sure consequence of my going to a public place. I either appeared gratified by the observation I excited, or my dress was absolutely tawdry, or else it was too plain. Sometimes he was out of humor, because I received

his attentions with coldness; and if I had mixed with the world, he was sure *he* should never have been the object of my choice.

So completely was I mortified by this mode of conduct, that I very soon intreated him to leave a place where I was prevented from receiving any kind of amusement by the false construction that was even put upon my smiles. When we arrived at our home, I flattered myself that Mr. Benson would not see any thing in my behaviour that could possibly excite spleen; but, alas! Mr. Editor, he carries the seeds of discontent about him, and their growth neither depends upon circumstance or place. As I had very little experience in the management of a family, I did not expect that my method would entirely be approved; yet, as I was only anxious to study my husband's inclinations, I flattered myself with the hope that in *time I* should succeed. But disappointment again was the consequence of expectation, for I never have the gratification of hearing him approve; yet, in essentials, he is what the *world* would call a *good husband*, and I neither entertain a doubt of his fidelity or love.

Still, Mr. Editor, you will allow, that it is impossible to enjoy happiness with a being who possesses so discontented a mind; and I wish *you* to *convince* that *prejudiced Old Bachelor*, that domestic unhappiness does not always originate on the female side; and by so doing, you will confer an obligation upon

Your humble servant,

EMILY.

PICTURE OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER,
BY BISHOP HORNE.

THE picture I shall present, among other advantages, has that of antiquity. It was drawn by a masterly hand near three thousand years ago. The description I mean, is that, left us of a virtuous woman, by the wisest of men, in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs; a description which all mothers and mistressess should teach the female pupils under their care, to read, and learn by heart.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies." Such an one is to be found, but not without care and diligence in the search. She is well worth the pains taken in the forming her, and more to be valued by her happy possessor, than all the brightest diamonds in the mines of the east.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil." A well-nurtured woman is man's best and truest friend. Her fidelity is inviolable as the covenant of the Most High, and her purity unsullied as the light of heaven. Absent, as well as present, her husband relies upon her, for the preservation of his possessions, and of herself, the dearest and most precious of all. With such a steward at home, freed from care and anxiety, he goes forth to his own employment, whatever it may be. He has no occasion to rob others by sea or land; to plunder provinces, or starve nations. Instead of her squandering his substance to gratify her own vanity and folly, the economy of his wife furnishes the supplies, and nothing is wanting in due time and place.

"She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." She will never abuse this confidence reposed in her, but endeavor to render herself daily more and more worthy of it. And even if her endeavors should not always meet with the desired success; if the good man should sometimes happen to be a little out of spirits, or out of temper, she will not therefore become so too. Her cheerfulness

will revive and restore him. She will still "do him good, and not evil," while he lives: and if she survive him, will continue to shew the same kind attention and regard to his family, and to his character. "My Servius," (said the Roman Valeria, holding in her arms the urn which contained the ashes of her husband—my Servius) "though dead to the rest of the world, can never be otherwise than alive to me."

Solomon's description of a virtuous woman consists of twenty-two verses. It is well worthy your observation, that eleven of these verses (half the number) are taken up in setting forth her *industry*, and the effects of it. I shall recite all these together, that you may see what a variety of magnificent language is made use of, to describe her different employments, to recommend simplicity of manners, and make good housewifery and honest labour to be admired, in the rich and noble, as well as the poor and obscure among women. For you must bear in mind, that in works of the several kinds here mentioned, queens and princesses, of old time, disdained not to be occupied. You will likewise be pleased to consider, that if the rich are exempted from the necessity of working for *themselves*, they cannot be better employed than in working for the *poor*; since "the coats and garments" made by the charity of Dorcas, were judged the best proofs of her goodness that could be submitted to the inspection of an apostle.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She riseth also, while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for they are all clothed with double garments. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good:

good: her candle goeth not out by night. She is like the merchant's ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard."—On account of this her marvellous and unceasing diligence, with the many and great advantages derived thereby to her family, well may it be said, as it is said of her, "Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."

But the honor is not confined to herself. It extendeth to her friend and her companion in life: "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." That is, he is known as *her* husband; as a man blessed with such a wife; as indebted, perhaps, for his promotion, to the wealth acquired by her management at home, (for honors are seldom open to the poor;) for the splendor and elegance of his apparel, to the labour of her hands; and, it may be, for the preservation and establishment of his virtue and integrity, to the encouragement, in all that is holy, and just, and good, furnished by her example, as well as by her conversation, the nature of which is thus described—

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." She thinks before she speaks; and therefore neither introduces a bad subject, nor disgraces a good one by an improper manner of discoursing upon it. And as charity reigns in her heart, nothing that is uncharitable proceeds out of her mouth: all is lenient and healing. To express the whole in a few words, she says nothing that is foolish, and nothing that is ill-natured. But her charity is shewn in deeds as well as words—

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." This is yet another good effect of her economy and management. She is not only able to provide plentifully for her household, but has always something in store for the poor. Since what avails a charitable disposition, where vanity, folly, and extravagance, have taken away the power to exert it? In

vain is "the hand stretched out," when there is nothing in it.

Having thus considered this finished character of the virtuous woman, we shall not be surprised at the praise bestowed upon it, in the remaining verses of the chapter.

"Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her," saying, "Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all." Happy the children of such a mother; they will be living proofs of the care taken by her in their education, when she taught them to walk, by the paths of honor and virtue, to the mansions of rest and glory. Happy the husband of such a wife, who sees all things prosper under her direction, and the blessing of heaven derived to his family through her. They will all join in proclaiming, that among women who do well, honor is chiefly due to the virtuous and diligent wife, the affectionate and sensible mother.

"Favor," or rather, "Gracefulness is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." A graceful person, and a set of fine features, are valuable things, but they are not always to be trusted; they may conceal tempers and dispositions very different from those one should have expected to find; and bitterer than wormwood must then be the disappointment of the man, who has been directed in his choice by no other considerations. This, I say, *may* be the case. Let us hope it is not often so. God forbid it should. The face ought to be an idex to the mind; and when all is fair without, as it is said of the king's daughter in the psalm, "all should be glorious within." But let beauty have its due praise, and suppose what you will of it—suppose all that the poets say of it be true; still, the wise man tells you, it is *vain*, it is in its nature transient, fleeting, perishing; it is the flower of the spring, which must fade in Autumn; and when the blossom falls, if no fruit succeed, of what value, I pray you, is the tree? The grave is already opening for the most elegant person that moves, and the worms are in waiting to feed on the fairest

fairest face that is beholden. Labour, then, for that which endureth for ever: let your chief pains be bestowed on that part of the human composition, which shall flourish in immortal youth, when the world, and all that is in it, shall disappear, and come no more into mind.—"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

The crown, which her own hands have thus formed, shall be placed upon her head, as it were by general consent, even in this life; and her good deeds, celebrated in the public assemblies, shall diffuse an odour grateful as the smell of Eden, as the cloud of frankinscense ascending from the holy altar. When her task is ended, the answer of a good conscience, and the blessings of all around, sweeter than the sweetest music, shall chant her to her repose; till awakened on the great morning of the world, descending angels shall introduce this daughter of Jerusalem into the joy of her Lord.

Such is the female character, and such the importance of forming it by education. Without education it cannot be formed; for we are all born equally ignorant, and are what we are by instruction.

THE PARSON's TALE,

In the provincial Dialect of the Barony of Kendal, Westmoreland.

LAST Saturday sennet, abaut seun in the evening, (twas lownd and freaze hard,) the stars twinkled, and the setting moon cast gigantic shadows. I was stalking hameward across *Blackwater-mosses*, and whistling as I tramp'd for want of thought, when a noise struck my ear, like the crumpling of frosty murgeon: it made me stop short, and I thought I saw a strange form before me;

me: It vanished behint a windraw; and again thare was nought in view but dreary dykes, and dusky ling. An awful silence reigned araund; this was sean brokken by a skirling hullet; sure nivver did hullet, herrensue, or mire-drum, mak sic a noise before. Your minister was freetned, the hears of his head stood an end, his blead storkened, and the haggard creature moving slowly nearer, the mirkness of the neet shew'd her as big again as she was. She stoup'd, and drop'd a poak, and thus began with a whining tone: "Deary me! deary me! forgive me, good Sir, but this yance, I'll steal nea mear. This seck is elding to keep us fra starving. My mither, my brothers and sisters, and my ald neam, O deary me!" While she speake these words, her knocking knees, and diddering teeth, melted my heart. Ah! said I to mysell, did net King *David*, when hungered, eat the holy bread? Did net Jesus and his disciples crop the ears of their nebbour's corn? Hunger will break through stane-walls; necessity will disturb the laws of moral obligation. "Get thee heame, my lass, and sin nea mear. I judge the net; oready thy conscience condemns thee." "The Almeety bless ye, Sir, (said she;) aur wooning is net aboon a dozen stanethraws fra this spot; apreia gang with me, and see with your awn een aur pitiful plight.

We were come near the hovel; the girl unsneck'd the raddle heck. Wretched scene! the hovel or hut belang'd to a widow in a peck of troubles. Tis just aleun weeks sen I buried her husband. Poor *Geordie!* he was a greadly bain fellow, and wrought his sell to death. What coud a body dea mear for his family? She followed his coffin with neen barns crying efter her, and a tenth sawking at her breast. When she saw me she wept: I wept ano. She sat on a three legg'd steal; and a dim coal smook'd within the rim of a brandreth, oor which a seaty rattencreak hung dangling fra a black randletree. The walls were plaister'd with dirt; and a stee, with hardly a rung, was rear'd into a loft. Araund the woman her little ans sprawl'd on the hearth; some, whiting speals; some, snottering and crying; and ya ruddy cheek'd lad threw

threw on a bullen to make a loww, for its mither to find her loup. By this sweal I beheld this family's poverty. She was confaunded; I was motionless.

At length, "*Maggy*, (said I,) *Maggy*, I am thy teacher, thy friend, tak comfort! God's aboon still, tho' the ward awns thee net; he will net forsake thee. *Afflictions and troubles dunnet spring fra the dust;* they er sent for wise purposes, and it is aur part to bow dawn like the bulrush, to be humble and resigned, tho' mebbe with sear troubled hearts. It is said, *The trust of the evil-doer shall be an attercob-web, but a perfect man God will net cast away.* Trust thou then, *Maggy*, in the great Father of mercies, and wait for better day! *the poor will net oways be forgitten.* But let me ask thee; Haw darst ta wink at thy children, whilst they lead theirsells with burthens of iniquity? Thinks ta, God sees these bad tricks, and will net punish? Whether they were peats or flushcocks, that thy daughter hes stown, whether of lile or greater value, she is guilty of filching; she fand 'em before they were lost." My brethren; ye knaw the woman and her circumstances. I speak to ye overseers, relieve the poor, and tempt them net to be dishonest by scanty relief. A piece of mouldy bannock, a dubbler of haver-meal, and a pan-full of cockle-broth, were o that these poor wretches hed to keep life and saul together. Let us dea what mense we can, and prevent what evil. This is true charity; and they that think otherwise, seaner or later, a hagworm will bite fra the clint, a slaaworm will wrap round the ancles.

DR. LAURENZIUS,

The ELWES *of Germany.*

DR. Laurenzius lived some years ago in Leipzig. He was a jurist, noted for his opulence. "At home, he lived like the poorest person, keeping neither man nor maid; partly from thinking he could not maintain them, partly

partly from fear of being robbed. He lived in a building, attached to a large house of his own, in which he had a suite of four rooms, through all which he had to pass on going out. He kept these rooms fast locked, that thieves might be obliged to burst open four doors, before they could reach his Mammon. He seldom sent for meat enough for one meal, and on this, when he did, he lived at least three days. He took neither beer, nor wine, nor coffee. In short, his life at home was a constant fast. Though when invited by his legacy-hunters, he stuffed like a thresher, and toped like a canon.

"Under the most biting hunger (of which he actually complained to me) he had not the heart to rob his coffers of a single penny. He came to me oftener than once, as I was eating my breakfast, and begged for a bit of roll. '*He felt a little qualm: otherwise he never, never eat. A single mouthful was enough. More would be his death. He would chearfully send for a whole roll, but, he vowed to heaven, he had not a halfpenny at home—and it would be a sin too, as all above a mouthful must be left to spoil.*' But when I forced upon him half a roll, he eat it with the utmost glee.

"I have twenty times witnessed, when servants brought him presents, how he would steal to the grated hatch, to spy if they were thieves; with what fawning devotion he would draw his bolts, take the cake and wine into custody, and begin: '*Ah! my dear fellow, return a thousand thanks to your master and mistress for the refreshment they vouchsafe a poor wretch—Ah! how glad should I be to give you something to drink—but, look you, may I never share the joys of heaven, may I be cast into everlasting perdition, if I have a farthing of money here within—But, be sure, to tell them in my name, I will remember them in my will—Trust me, I will not forget them.*'

Dr. C. F. Bahrdt's Life.

THE

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

ALMOST every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he, who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and, in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike.—If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished.—Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegancy; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate.—When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little chearful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her; and, at last, discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual chearfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be a heath or common, and she will discover numberless beauties unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours; or (what is worst of all) their faults or imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into pleasant raillery. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and chearful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east-wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours.

If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiæ of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lenghthening of the day, the encreasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder storm, to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and best-bred woman living; and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never-failing proof is Happiness.

REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION ON A GRAVE STONE.

AT a burying-place called Ahade, in the county of Donegal, in Ireland, there was lately dug up a piece of flat stone, about three feet by two, the device on which was a figure of Death, with a bow and arrow, shooting at a woman with a boy in her arms; and underneath was an inscription in Irish characters, of which the following is a translation:

"Here are deposited, with a design of mingling them with the parent earth from which the mortal part came, a mother who loved her son to the destruction of his death. She clasped him to her bosom with all the joy of a parent, the pulse of whose heart beat with maternal affection; and in the very moment whilst the gladness of joy danced in the pupil

of the boy's eyes, and the mother's bosom swelled with transport—Death's arrow, in a flash of lightning, pierced them both in a vital part, and totally dissolving the entrails of the son, without injuring his skin, and burning to a cinder the liver of the mother, sent them out of this world at one and the same moment of time, in the year 1343."

ANECDOTE OF POPE ADRIAN IV.

NICHOLAS Breakspeare, the only Englishman that ever obtained the papal dignity, was born at Abbot's Langley, in Hertfordshire. Such was his unbounded pride, that when the Emperor Frederick the First went to Rome, in 1155, to receive the imperial diadem, the Pope, after many difficulties concerning the ceremonial of investiture, insisted that the Emperor should prostrate himself before him, kiss his feet, hold his stirrup, and lead the white palfrey on which the holy father rode. Frederick did not submit to this humiliation without reluctance; and as he took hold of the wrong stirrup, he observed, that 'he had not yet been taught the profession of a groom.' On a subsequent dispute, this Pope wrote a letter to the degraded Monarch, the following passage of which displays the detestable policy and pretensions of the court of Rome in those gloomy ages: 'Whatever you have as Emperor, you have from us; for as Pope Zacharias transferred the empire from the Greeks to the Germans, so can we transfer it from the Germans to the Greeks. It is in our power to bestow it upon whom we will. Besides, we are appointed by God to rule over kingdoms, and nations, that we may destroy, pluck up, build, plant,' &c. Yet did this haughty Pope leave his mother to be maintained by the alms of the church of Canterbury.

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS

On the Blessings which arise from a contented Disposition, exemplified in the Conduct which a Country Curate displayed.

THOUGH the benevolent Author of our Being has in wisdom determined, that the blessings of this life should be unequally dispensed, yet how often do we find that a contented disposition is capable of throwing a ray of cheerfulness over the most indigent state, whilst the dissatisfied possessor of Fortune's choicest favors, pines after some unenjoyed felicity amidst his loads of wealth!

In vain does Providence bestow every external blessing, if the discontented heart is insensible of the boon; and, instead of gratefully acknowledging the bounty of its Creator, languishes for some *imaginary good*, which, if granted, it could not enjoy!

That one *half* of the *world* know not how the *other* support themselves, is too common an observation to produce much effect; and what is much more to be deplored for the unfortunate part of our fellow-creatures, they do not desire to *know* by what methods they live. Prosperity is too apt to harden the feelings; it raises a kind of a bulwark which shuts out the softer emotions of the heart; whilst the hand of Adversity, though it afflicts us, at once expands and purifies the breast. The mind which has never been pierced by the arrows of affliction, can form but an imperfect idea of the wounds which they impart; whilst those who have felt the effect of their malignity, naturally sympathize in a fellow-sufferer's pain. Many instances might be brought to prove the truth of this assertion; but I never recollect that any have struck me so forcibly, as the perusal of a weekly journal of a Country Curate's life, where the soft effusions of genuine benevolence are painted in colours which create the most pleasing emotions in the mind; and where poverty and contentment are so singularly united, that they seem to have been intended by Pro-

vidence to prove a lesson to mankind. Under this idea I shall transcribe the journal, not only for the entertainment, but the instruction of those by whom it may be perused; indulging the hope, that those who follow the amiable Curate's example, may ultimately meet with the same generous reward.

ANECDOTE OF A COUNTRY CURATE,
With a Week's Journal of his Life.

MONDAY.—Received ten pounds from my rector, Dr. Snarle, being one half of a year's salary. Obliged to wait long before I gained admittance to the doctor, who never even asked me to sit down, or take refreshment, though he knew I had walked eleven miles.—Item, his reverence, in a tone of disatisfaction, *hinted*, that he could have all his duty performed for *fifteen pounds a year.*

TUESDAY.—Paid eight pounds to several different people; but could not buy a second-hand pair of black breeches, which Cabbage, the taylor, offered me as a great bargain, because my wife wanted a new gown; and neither Polly nor Betsey had a pair of shoes fit to go to church in.

WEDNESDAY.—My wife bought a gown for herself, and shoes for the girls; but, unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole which she had not discovered in her pocket, and by that means reduced our stock of money to the sum of half a crown.—Item, chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to *rely* upon the *benevolence* of *God.*

THURSDAY.—Received a note, informing me, that a gentleman at the ale-house at the top of the hill begged to speak with me upon business of real concern; and upon going, found him to be a member of a strolling company of players, who wished to borrow seven-pence-halfpenny, to discharge his landlord's debt. Though we had paid our baker but on Tuesday, he quarrelled with us to prevent

giving

giving future credit: and George Greasy, the butcher, told me, he heard the rector intended to appoint another curate, who would perform the duty at all his livings for a less salary than myself; adding, that though he should be happy to do any thing to *serve* me, yet, as I lived close to Peter Paunch, I had better deal with him. Much as I was mortified by these proofs of *selfishness*, I did not suffer my mind to be depressed, knowing that to want *humanity*, is to be deficient in *justice;* and that riches are bestowed by the Father of the Universe for the purpose of succouring the distressed.—Discharged the player's reckoning out of the only shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to pay his expences on the road.

FRIDAY.—A very scanty dinner, and therefore *pretended to be ill*, that there might be more for my poor wife and children to eat.—God forgive me, if this was a transgression! but the *motive* will plead for pardon at the throne of grace.—I told my wife in what manner I had disposed of the shilling: and the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for disposing of that which belonged to her and my children, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. Resolved from that moment never to *contradict her;* for the mind that can joyfully forego the common necessaries of existence, for the pleasure of alleviating the sufferings of a stranger in distress, though it may exceed the rigid laws of *prudence*, yet it excites the emotions of *tenderness* and *esteem.*

SATURDAY—Wrote a sermon.

SUNDAY.—Preached it at four different churches, and returned home both hungry and fatigued: the latter I knew would be relieved by refreshing slumbers; but the former I could not easily surmount, as the sum of twopence-halfpenny formed the whole strength of my purse. But how unexpected are the blessings of Providence! How presumptuous is that man who dares to repine! For I had not been an hour at home when the strolling player entered, to make a princely return for the kindness he had received. Though my pittance was so small, yet my heart

always expanded towards every individual who laboured under distress; and my generous benefactor having heard of this propensity, was determined to make a trial of my disposition him elf: the strolling player, detained by the landlord of a paltry ale-house, was a man blessed with affluence, and high in power, who, for the loan of one poor shilling, gave me fifty pounds to buy a dinner, and a living of THREE HUNDRED *a year!*

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK,

IN THE CHARACTER OF LEAR.

WHEN Garrick first came upon the stage, and, one very sultry evening, in the month of May, performed the character of Lear, he in the first four acts received the customary tokens of applause. At the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big round tear ran down every cheek. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion: it was not tragic, for he was evidently endeavouring to suppress a laugh: in a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beauteous Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and with the Majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for so strange a termination of a tragedy, in any other way, than by supposing the dramatis personæ were seized with a sudden phrenzy; but their risibility had a different source. A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the first bench in the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master

at

at home, naturally thought he might enjoy the like privilege here. The butcher sat very back, and the quadruped, finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting stuff; and not being accustomed to a play-house heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well-powdered Sunday peruke, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff: the dog, being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Garrick, and the other performers. A mastiff in a churchwarden's wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much; it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself at the moment he was most distressed: no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

IN the register of St. Martin's parish, Leicester. Decimo quinto Februarii, 18 Eliz. reginæ.

Thomas Tilsly and Uursula Russet were married; and because the said Thomas was, and is, naturally deaf and dumb, could not, for his part, observe the order of the form of marriage, after the approbation had, from Thomas the Bishop of Lincoln, John Chippendale, L. L. D. and Commissary, and Mr. Richard Davis, Mayor of Leicester, and others of his brethren, with the rest of the parish, the said Thomas, for expressing of his mind, instead of words, of his own accord, used these signs: first he embraced her with his arms; took her by the hand, and put a ring on her finger; and laid his hand upon his heart, and held up his hands towards heaven; and to shew his continuance to dwell with her to his life's end, he did it by closing his eyes with his hands, and digging the earth with his feet, and pulling as tho' he would ring a bell, with other signs appoved.

Concordat cum Originali. S. H.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE. *Jan.* 29.

A NEW Comedy, the production of Mr. HOLCROFT, was performed for the first time at this Theatre, called *Hear Both Sides.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Fairfax, - - -	Mr. DOWTON.
Headlong, - -	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Transit, - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
Sir Ralph Aspen, -	Mr. SUETT.
Melford, - -	Mr. RAYMOND.
Steward, - -	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Quillet, - -	Mr. CHERRY.
Bailiff, - - -	Mr. WEWITZER.
Gregory, - -	Mr. COLLINS.
Major Tennis, - -	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Sir Luke Lostail, -	Mr. WEBBE.
Mr. Backland, -	Mr. PURSER.
Master of the Hotel, -	Mr. MADDOX.
Robert, - - -	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.
Waiters, Clerks, &c.	
Caroline, - -	Mrs. POPE.
Eliza, - - -	Mrs. JORDAN.

Headlong is a liberal and high-spirited young man of fashion, whom a thoughtless disposition had almost ruined. His extravagancies have so angered his uncle, that he made a vow to disinherit him. While a want of fortune obliged him to reside abroad, his friend *Fairfax* wrote to him that his uncle was dying, and remitted money to enable him to return. About this time, however, *Headlong* met with *Caroline Melford* at a masquerade at Venice, and falling deeply in love with her, his return to England is too long delayed. The action of the piece commences on the day of his arrival; and doubts are immediately suggested respecting the character of *Fairfax*, whom *Headlong's* uncle had left his sole heir. This suspicion his maintained until the last scene, in which the real character of *Fairfax* appears. He had consented to become the heir of *Headlong's* uncle, only that this young man,

man, whom he loved from a child, might be certain of enjoying a fortune he would otherwise have lost. It is generously bestowed on him, and *Headlong*, now roused to a sense of his follies, feels the error of associating with gamblers and sharpers. The story of *Sir Ralph Aspen*, his son *Transit*, and his niece *Eliza*, forms an episode, which, however, is always intimately combined with the Fable.

This piece is of a very sombre cast, and its favourable reception was occasioned principally by the merits of the performers.

To Mrs. JORDAN, who in the second act sung a delightful and plaintive air, the author is particularly indebted for the success of the Comedy. Mrs. POPE, Mr. C. KEMBLE, and Mr. BANNISTER, conferred an uncomdegree of interest in their respective characters.

Feb. 19.

An Historical Play, called *The Hero of the North*, was performed this evening for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gustavus Vasa, -	Mr. POPE.
Casimir Rubenski, -	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Carlowitz, - -	Mr. RAYMOND.
Ufo, - - -	Mr. DE CAMP.
Brennomar, - -	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Sigismund of Calamar,	Mr. KELLY.
Gabriel, - -	Mr. DOWTON.
Marcoff, - -	Mr. BANNISTER, JUN.
Iwan, - -	Mr. SEDGWICK.
Vilitzki, - -	Mr. FISHER.
Nydorff, - -	Mr. GRIMALDI.
Basilstern, - -	Mr. GIBBONS.
Princess Gunilda, -	Mrs. YOUNG.
Santa Michelwina, -	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Frederica Rubenski, -	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Paulina, - -	Miss MENAGE.
Alexa, - -	Mrs. BLAND.
Ulrica, - -	Miss TYRER.

Scene—Dalecarlia, a remote Province of Sweden.
Time—The early part of the Sixteenth Century.

The

The Fable is composed of some of the chief incidents used by BROOKE, in his Tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa*; and the scene is placed in Dalecarlia, a remote province of Sweden, in the early part of the sixteenth century. The subject of this piece is nearly the same as that of BROOKE's Tragedy.

Of the dialogue it is sufficient to observe, that it is rather historical and de criptive than natural and pathetic. The scenes of this nature are, however, in general, well managed, and produced an impressive effect.

In the music, which is by KELLY, the English taste and the science of the Italian school are happily blended. The overture is grand, and boasts many passages of true sublimity.

The scenery is admirably picturesque, and is judiciously suited to the occasion.

The *Hero of the North* was received by an audience, which overflowed in every part long before the drawing up of the curtain, with general plaudits.

COVENT GARDEN.

Captain CAULFIELD, who appeared for the first time in the arduous character of *Hamlet*, at Covent Garden Theatre, has occasioned too much surprise and admiration to pass by in silence. Of this gentleman we must say, that his face is strongly marked with genius, and is capable of expressing every passion with the distinctest energy. His person is an happy combination of strength, dignity, lightness, and elegance; and his voice, at once sweet and manly, arrests attention as much by its variety as its power. To enumerate all the beauties which he gave, in the new readings of the part of Hamlet, would go beyond the limits of our Publication; but a few of the most brilliant lights (if any thing can be considered peculiarly brilliant where all was a blaze) we cannot refrain from observing. His conception of the whole character was in itself certainly new. At first, Hamlet was represented as absorbed in profound melancholy, and only moved occasionally to stronger feelings when addressed by the King: to *him* he shewed a spirited and just abhorrence. After his interview with the ghost, Hamlet's manner became changed: strong tumults of horror, grief, detestation, and revenge, succeeded one another;

another; or rather mingled in all the glorious phrenzy of passion. His short address to the King, after the death of Polonius, in which he pronounced these words, "If you find him not *there*, seek him in the other place yourself," was delivered with a stern and impressive dignity, never before rivalled either in conception or execution. The celebrated passage with the two lords, in which he reproves them for their presumption in striving to play upon him, was given with all the majesty of a prince, and the indignation of a man. No stage-trick adroitly angled for applause; but Nature, sterling Nature, knocked at every heart, and bade them open. To speak of the play-scene would be useless: the bursts of approbation which followed his exulting "Ha!" when the King started up, were too loud and unanimous to proceed from any thing but complete feeling. Yet, though this passage was one of the most effective of Captain Caulfield's performance, it was not superior to many other touches, which, from their delicacy, and appropriate sobriety, were almost impalpable to common observers. In short, such a Hamlet have *we* never seen: those alone, who remember Garrick, can parallel, in idea, *this* gentleman's vivid and admirable performance.

RANGER, in the *Suspicious Husband*, has followed Captain Caulfield's repeated appearance in Hamlet; and has distinctly proved, that when *Garrick* was formed, Nature did *not* "break the mould." Captain Caulfield represented the gay, dissipated Ranger, not only with fire, but delicacy: he continued to throw into the most libertine parts of the character, an air of frolic, not *vice*, which made the generous, but otherwise inconsistent, actions of this entertaining rake, appear easy and natural. The graces of this gentleman's figure, (which were displayed in a very elegant dress,) and the brilliant vivacity of his countenance, added great interest to the scene. His performance was gay, spirited, and *original* throughout; his voice sweet, and exhiliarating; and one of the most splendid audiences we have ever seen, repeatedly bore testimony to his inimitable excellence, by thunders of applause. We earnestly hope that this play will be soon repeated.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A hat of scarlet velvet, with a gold fringe behind, and a white ostrich feather. A scarlet velvet pelice; the body close fastened by gold straps and buttons; the vest trimmed with black lace. The shoes, scarlet velvet; and gloves, York tan.

2. A head-dress of green velvet, with a lace veil, and a pelice of the same, trimmed with swan's-down. The dress white muslin, with a trimming of white lace at the bottom. Shoes, green velvet.

EVENING DRESSES.

3. A head-dress of pink velvet, trimmed with swan's-down, and a rosette of lace, with white silk cord and tassels. The dress of white muslin, trimmed round the neck with swan's-down; the sleeves lace, with rosettes of lace on the shoulders. Gloves, white leather.

4. A head-dress of blue velvet, open on the crown, to show the hair; two rows of white lace round the front, fastened by a pearl broach on the left side, and hanging almost to the knee. A body and sleeves of blue velvet, the body covered with lace plain, and the sleeves trimmed with the same. White skirts and gloves, and blue velvet shoes.

1 2

Evening Dresses.

Pub.d by Tow... March 1...

Morning Dresses.

Lond. March 1-1803.

The Apollonian Wreath.

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE STATE OF INFANT CHIMNEY SWEEPERS,

At their Meeting at the London Coffee House, on the 11th of February.

HAIL! to the day auspicious—hail!—
On which the tears and pray'rs prevail
Of Mis'ry and of Care;
And hail, ye patriotic Band,
Whose councils bless a grateful land,
Which holds your councils dear!

Great was our senatorial plan,
To liberate degraded Man
From Slavery's galling chain:
While Pity touch'd each melting heart,
For Afric's woes, for Afric's smart,
And sought to soothe its pain.

Nor humbler praise to you belongs,
Who Britain's *little vassals'* wrongs
Are zealous to redress:
Your *Hanways'* and your *Howards'* shades,
Applausive, 'mid th' Elysian glades,
The heav'nly work shall bless.

Now shall the dying Parent breathe
In peace his last, and calm bequeath
To your indulgent care,
His friendless, hopeless, orphan race,
Else doom'd to Poverty's embrace,
With all its horrors drear!

Fair *Charity* a wreath divine,
Of amaranthine flow'rs, shall twine
Around each honor'd head;
And many a Bard shall string the lyre,
And sweep the chord with hand of fire,
Your deathless fame to spread!

But sweeter than th' Aonian note,
Methinks, angelic numbers float,
Confirming Heav'n's decree—
O let Humanity pursue
"The object Virtue holds to view,
"And lo! the *British Negro* shall indeed be free!"

AN ELEGY;

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE BELL TOLLING FOR THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY MR. HACKETT.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flow'r dishevell'd in the wind.
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream:
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we, that worship him, ignoble graves.
THE TASK.

AT last, the transitory scene is clos'd!
At last, the unexpected day is come!
And I am left, in mourning strains, to tell
My thoughts and feelings on thy dying knell!

Ah! did I think, when I beheld thee last,
Thy manly frame would soon its vigor lose?
That all the lustre of thy brilliant eye
Would early fade away, and quickly die?

Urg'd by the placid bosom of the wave,
I once have seen an inexperienc'd crew
Commit their persons, without thought or fear,
To the first bark that happen'd to be near:

The ripling waves, in pleasing motion, bear
The festive circle, with an easy gale—
Dangers unheeded, they extol the seas,
And the bright prospect could not fail to please:

But

But soon the winds, in rapid whirlwinds, rage!
The billows roll, and cover o'er the deck!
The fragile bark, thus tost by winds and waves,
Hurls them, protectless, to their wat'ry graves!

Thus 'tis with human life—we sail along,
Careless, and thoughtless, as that giddy crew;
Till Death arrives, in horrid terrors wrapt,
And then, with sudden jerk, the thread is snapt!

Still in our breasts terrestrial love prevails—
Tho' Nature points the moral to the heart,
Not to rely on ought that pleases here,
But to distrust it with a cautious fear!

Let us survey the various flow'rs that blow,
Admire their fragrance, and their beauties praise;
Yet still we know they all will die away,
And that, perhaps, to-morrow—Ah, to day!

Can thoughtless man, then, uninstructed live,
Nor learn the precepts which the Garden gives?
If joys are fleeting, so are sorrows too;
And none have half the sorrow that's their due!

But, surely, Providence will not condemn
The pensive bard, who mourns a virtuous friend—
For tho' we all, when born, were doom'd to die,
Yet, sure, we sin not when we heave a sigh!

Oh! much-lamented friend! I still am frail,
And still will breathe my sorrows for thy loss!—
But, Ah! my silent tears, and deepest sighs,
Can ne'er recal thee to these longing eyes!

LINES TO LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY! thou sweetest gift of Heav'n,
Thou greatest good below! Thrice lovely nymph,
Whose smiling countenance beams heavn'ly brightness;
By thee attended, whatso'er my fate,
Where'er I wander, still I must be happy.
Thou makest even Poverty to smile;
Thy influence blunts the shafts of adverse Fate,
And makes them pierce less deeply. Thy sweet smile
Can cheer the brow of age, and make the bed,
The all-subduing bed, of sickness seem
Less terrible. Th' enchanting thought of thee
Lightens e'en Slavery, and makes the heart

Of the poor wretched captive leap with joy.
Without thee, what is life?—A dismal blank!
The faculties are cramp'd, the genius blunted,
And th' high-soaring, active soul of man
Crush'd in the dust. O then, sweet "mountain nymph,"
Be my companion still, that so I may
Defy the storms of Fate, and never grieve
At any woe, since blest with Liberty!

ISABELLA.

*THE SIGH, A NEW SONG.**

BY MR. HACKETT.

I ASK'D my fond heart to declare,
If love, gentle love, prevail'd there:
If a slave to beauty's bright eye—
It answer'd—it heav'd—but a sigh!

I urg'd the warm question again,
And press'd for the cause of its pain;
I beg'd for a speedy reply;
But all that it said—was a sigh!

Once more, my fond heart, I entreat—
Be candid, and free from deceit—
Oh! tell me, and be not so shy,
The source of that sorrowful sigh!

I fancy, and often have thought,
In Chloe's soft net you've been caught:
I know thou art honest and true,
Then tell me—I ask it of you.

When I mention'd her magical name,
I felt my heart burn with a flame;
I thought I should never get o'er,
And deeper it sigh'd than before!

Like the culprit, whose blushes reveal
What he ardently seeks to conceal,
Its sighs and emotions declare,
That Chloe's the name of the fair!

STANZAS.

* The above Song is shortly intended to be set to Music by a celebrated Composer.

STANZAS.

OFT' let me wander where the billows lave,
Where sea-green Naiads strike the sounding shell,
Where in hoarse murmurs breaks the dashing wave,
And plaintive notes along the surges swell.

There, wrapt in meditation, let me rove,
Thinking of those so dear, now left behind;
While Memory recalls past scenes of love,
That, rising brightly, cheer the fainting mind.

Past scenes of bliss, ah, never to return,
To cheer once more this panting, aching heart;
Yet still shall Friendship in this bosom burn;
Pure Friendship! soft'ner of each fest'ring smart.

Friendship divine! ah, never leave my soul;
Without thee, all must dark and cheerless be;
True as the needle to its native pole,
My heart, dear —— still shall point to thee!

And thou, bright goddess, Hope! athwart my gloom
Still cast thy bright, thy radiant cheering ray;
'Twill make my midnight shine as bright as noon,
And by its magic charm my griefs away!—

Feb. 7th. 1803. ISABELLA.

LINES;

ADDRESSED TO MRS. —— ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING DAY.

THREE *hundred days!* you've wedded been,
With sixty five's addition;
And no *one perſon, yet,* has seen
A sympton of attrition!

But never shall *you* make me think,
You and your spouse *ne'er wrangle*;
Or that he cannot sleep a wink
Some nights —from *female jangle.*

Ah, many a lecture he has had,
Good honest-hearted fellow,
If you conceiv'd a Highland lad
Had made him rather mellow.

In other words, if e'er his friends
  In Caledonia try'd
To drain the bottle to its ends,
  Why then his lovely bride

Would hail him, with a few soft sounds,
  Call'd lectures from the curtain:
Yet *female* prattle knows *no bounds*
  In *such a case*—I'm certain!

However, still I must allow
  You seem to taste some joy;
And never may the *marriage vow*
  To bliss—prove an alloy!

Yet Happiness is so confin'd
  Within a *certain dwelling*,
That all the feelings of the mind
  There really is *no telling*.

'Tis *possible* you *may repent*;
  The *wise* may be mistaken;
And the pretence of *bliss* be *meant*
  To *steal* the *flitch of bacon*.

But if you *really* should feel blest,
  May ev'ry joy increase;
And may the mansion of your breast
  Be the abode of Peace!

WINTER.

SUMMER to other climes is fled,
  To govern their awhile;
Her pleasing features cease to grace
  Britannia's lovely Isle.

The flowery sceptre sway'd by Spring
  Is now no longer known;
And Winter, in her hoary robe,
  Ascends her icy throne.

The piercing northern winds arise,
  And waft the frozen rain,
Howl thro' the woods and humble groves,
  And chill the shivering swain.

The

The fountains, brooks, and crystal streams,
Forget the gurgling sound;
In dreary durance see they lie,
With frost-forg'd fetters bound.

No more the shrubs, and spreading trees,
Display their cheering green;
One dazzling whiteness shrouds the whole,
And forms the frozen scene.

The feather'd songsters of the grove
Almost forget to fly;
Depriv'd of food, they shrink, they pant;
They flutter, pant, and die.

Then speed thy chariot, lovely Spring,
Towards thy favorite Isle;
Thy presence there will joy diffuse,
And Nature catch the smile.

The goddess hears the music call,
She shakes the flowery reins,
And soon her glowing car will reach
Fair Albion's fertile plains.

But not like her will sportive youth
In man again return;
The dreary path of frozen age
Leads to the silent urn.

LAVINIA SOPHIA.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

TELL me, thou dear departed shade,
Ah tell me whither thou art flown;
To what delightful place convey'd,
What distant world to me unknown.

Say, does thy airy flight extend
Far back as our once favorite bower?
Dost thou my lonely walks attend,
Or visit me at midnight hour?

While Sol displays his radiant beam,
Each thought I dedicate to thee;
And if thou form'st the nightly dream,
How soothing then is sleep to me!

LAVINIA SOPHIA.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY UPON CHRISTMAS DAY,

With a Box containing some Coffee and Tea.

A *BOX*, I have heard some persons relate,
Is a practice of quite Ant'deluvian date
To be sent on this day—no matter, my dear,
Though *fashion* and I take an opposite sphere;
For I never whirl in a circle that's new,
But remain the same thing—like an antique old yew
Stuck up in a garden; or cut out in shape,
Resembling a lion, a sphinx, or an ape:
But whatever I am, yet still I admire
Those old-fashion'd notions which tend to inspire
All friendly emotions of kindness that springs
From the heart, in defiance of *new-fangl'd* things!
Yet some persons there are, whom that saucy jade,
Call'd Fortune, no one kind attention e'er paid,
And that is my case; or else I would send
A gift much more worthy the mind of a friend;
And, instead of a poor little parcel of tea,
The box should inclose a few gems from the sea,
Call'd pearls; but, alas! no such boon can I give;
For as well might not even one poor oyster live,
As *I* e'er expect to possess that concrete
Of glutinous matter, that happens to meet
And form in the body—which people call *pearls*;
A badge of distinction for ladies and earls;
Yet wholly unfit for an *Author* to wear,
Although the nine Muses should bind up her hair;
As a guider of quills should ne'er wish to be fine,
Or possess e'en a spark of Golconda's rich mine!
But now I'll revert to the theme of the box,
Which neither is fasten'd by clasps or by locks,
To prove that the donor ne'er locks up her heart,
Or conceals what she feels with a padlock of art.
The tea it contains is a gift for your mother;
But the coffee, dear Mary, is meant for another;
A certain young lady, whom once I heard say,
'Twas a liquid she wish'd to partake ev'ry day;
And had I not hear'd it, I would not pretend
To send such a poor paltry boon to a friend:
Though trifles, they say, are a mark of respect,
And as such must be better than *total neglect.*
But now I must offer some wish on *this day*,
Though my ill-natur'd Muse has not shed one bright ray;

In short, is so cross, that not even a spark;
And I'm groping about like a *thief* in the dark;
Yet that simile's wrong, I protest, as I live;
For a thief wants to *take*, whilst I try to *give*.
"Give what?" I can fancy I hear you exclaim;
Why a few friendly wishes—which no one can blame.
Then may you, and the family party combin'd,
Find that Christmas—brings joy and content to the mind;
And as it comes round in its annual sphere,
May some *untasted pleasure* hail in each new year.

Dec. 25*th.* 1802

NOON.

Happy the man whom bounteous gods allow
With his own hands parental grounds to plough;
Like the first golden mortals, happy he
From bus'ness and the cares of money free.

COWPER.

I.

THE sun half his bright race has run
Across the firy line;
The rustic seeks his rays to shun,
Where woobines bow'ring twine.

II.

Faded, the flowrets' sacred hues
Hang drooping on the ground,
Till gentle ev'ning's balmy dews
Shall cheer the landscape round.

III.

The cattle flee the solar beam,
To browse beneath the shade,
Or (midway) taste yon lucid stream,
That steals along the glade.

IV.

The peasant lays his toil aside,
To eat his humble fare;
The watchful dog, his master's pride,
Partakes his coarser share;

V.

And chides the slow return of eve,
That he may quit the plough,
And all his toils to daylight leave,
And rest his wearied brow.

But

VI.

But fragile man, when at his noon,
Looks back on years now past;
Thinks his decline approach too soon,
And Death's dark night too fast.

VII.

Then, free from passion, care, and strife,
And Pleasure's jarring knell,
Give me the happy country life,
Where real pleasures dwell;

VIII.

Where, far from ev'ry vicious way,
I court the peaceful grove;
Where shepherds tune their rustic lay,
And chaunt their songs of love.

London, R. T. OLIVANT.
Feb. 11*th*, 1803.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO ———

THE tears which trickle down my cheek,
Betray the anguish of my heart:
Ah, wretched girl! what do they say?
Alas! that ——— and I must part.

Farewell; I go to visit scenes,
Those scenes which once could yield delight;
But, ah, each joy has lost its charm,
And dreary seems as shades of night.

Each hour till now was fraught with bliss;
No anxious care my breast annoy'd;
But love (capricious duty join'd)
The calm serenity's destroy'd.

Say, will you ever give a thought
To her who'll ever think of you?
Do not deny the trivial boon,
'Tis all I ask.—Adieu! Adieu!

MALVINA.

A WHISPER OF THE HEART.

A MORNING REFLECTION IN SPRING.

I.

ON yonder bank a beauteous flower
Lifts its fair form to meet the spring,
Hails early sunshine's genial power,
Soft airs that vernal breezes bring.

II.

Too lovely, tender plant! beware,
The world's a tracherous, cruel clime;
Now sun-beam'd zephyrs sport in air,
Now frost and storms deface the prime.

III.

How happy had I power to shield
From each chill blast, each boisterous wind;
Or gently take what thou mightst yield,
And fondlv in my bosom bind!

IV.

Alas! beyond *my* hope to reach,
And for *my* guardian care too high,
In vain my longing arms I stretch,
Admire, and love, and gaze, and sigh!

V.

Yet may no changing season's gloom
Thy native elegance restrain;
No rude hand teach thine opening bloom
To shrink into itself again!

VI.

Without, no baneful blast invade;
Conceal'd, no *inward* canker prey;
Till all thy charms are full display'd,
And flourish in the face of day.

VII.

Then may some happier hand than mine,
As firm, as fond, as void of art,
With his thy future fate entwine,
And wear thee nearest to his heart!

SOLUTIONS

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

CHARADE I.—Court-ship.
——— II.—Ma-son.
——— III.—Eye-brow.

NEW CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

MY First is a mere log of wood;
My Second's a record of science;
My Whole has been long understood
To be that on which Tars place reliance.

CHARADE II.

MY First is a liquor that's known
To those who oft sail on the sea;
In my Second exhaustment is shown;
And my Whole is a talkative she.

Correspondence, &c.

G. B. *shall receive an Answer to his Queries by Post.*

We again particularly request our Correspondents to transmit their Communications before the 15th of the Month, otherwise we cannot insure their being inserted in regular Succession.

Our poetical Correspondents will also oblige us by sending the Solutions with their respective Charades; as we have a Number by us, the Insertion of which have not taken Place in Consequence of their having neglected so to do.

Mackenzie sculp.

Dutchess of Richmond.

Published by Verner & Hood April 1st 1806.